

mus is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day; a most louely Gentleman-like man, therefore you must needs play *Piramus*.

Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange tawne beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French Crownes haue no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our deuises knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and couragiously. Take paines, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings. *Exeunt*

Actus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Quer hil, ouer dale, through bush, through briar, Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire, I do wander euerie where, swifter then $\frac{1}{2}$ Moons sphere; And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the The Cowslips tall, her perfioners bee, (green) In their gold coats, spots you see, Those be Rubies, Fairie fauors, In those freckles, liue their fauors, I must go seeke some dew drops heere, And hang a pearle in euery cowslips eare. Farewell thou Lob of spirits, he be gon, Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night, Take heed the Queene come not within his sight, For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath, Because that she, as her attendant, hath A louely boy stolne from an Indian King, She neuer had so sweet a changeling, And ielous *Oberon* would haue the childe Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde. But she (perforce) with-holds the loued boy, Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy. And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene, By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene, But they do square, that all their Elues for feare Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite, Or else you are that shrew'd and knauish spirit Cld Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee, That frights the maidens of the Villagere, Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne, And bootlesse make the breathlesse hufwife cherne, And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,

Misleade night-wanderers, laughing at their barme, Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke, You do their worke, and they shall haue good lucke, Are not you hee?

Rob. Thou speake'st aright; I am that merrie wanderer of the night: I iest to *Oberon*, and make him smile, When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile, Neighing in likeness of a silly foale, And sometime lurke I in a Gossips boile, In very likeness of a roasted crab: And when she drinke, against her lips I bob, And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale. The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale, Sometime for three-foot stooles, mistaketh me, Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she, And taylor cries, and falls into a coffe. And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe, And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare, A merrier houre vvas neuer wasted there. But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon*.

Fai. And heere my Mistris: Would that he were gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light, Proud *Tytania*.

Qu. What, ielous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence. I haue forsworne his bed and companie.

Ob. Tarrie rash Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know When thou vvas't stolne away from Fairy Land, And in the shape of *Corin*, sate all day, Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing loue To amorous *Philida*. Why art thou heere Come from the farthest steeps of *India*? But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon* Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior loue, To *Theseus* must be Wedded; and you come, To giue their bed ioy and prosperitie.

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame *Tytania*, Glance at my credite, vwith *Hippolita*? Knowing I know thy loue to *Theseus*? Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night From *Peregina*, whom he rauished? And make him vwith faire Eagles breake his faith With *Ariadne*, and *Asiopa*?

Que. These are the forgeries of ielousie, And neuer since the middle Summers spring Met vve on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead, By paued fountaine, or by rushe brooke, Or in the beached margent of the sea, To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde, But vwith thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport. Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine, As in reuenge, haue suck'd vp from the sea Contagious foggies: Which falling in the Land, Hath euerie petty Riuer made so proud, That they haue ouer-borne their Continents. The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vaine, The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard: The fold stands empty in the drowned field, And Crows are fatted vwith the murrion flocke,

The nine mens Morris is fill'd vp with mud, And the quaint Mazes in the wanton greene, For lacke of tread are vndistinguishable. The humane mortals want their winter heere, No night is now with hymne or caroll blest; Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods) Pale in her anger, washes all the aire; That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound. And through this distemperature, we see The seasons alter; hoared headed frosts Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose, And on old *Hyems* chinne and Ice crowne, An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds! Is as in mockry set. The Spring, the Sommer, The chiding Autumne, angry Winter change Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world, By their increafe, now knowes not which is which; And this same progeny of euills, Comes from our debate, from our dissention, We are their parents and originall.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you, Why should *Tytania* crosse her *Oberon*? I do but beg a little changeling boy, To be my Henchman.

Qu. Set your heart at rest, The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me, His mother was a Votresse of my Order, And in the spiced *Indian* aire, by night Full often hath she gossipt by my side, And far with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands, Marking th'embarked traders on the flood, When we haue laught to see the failes conceiue, And grow big bellied with the wanton winde: Which she with pretty and with twimming gate, Following (her wombe then rich with my yong squire) Would imitate, and faile vpon the Land, To fetch me trifles, and returne againe, As from a voyage, rich with merchandize. But she being mortall, of that boy did die, And for her sake I doe reare vp her boy, And for her sake I will not part with him,

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Qu. Perchance till after *Theseus* wedding day.

If you will patiently dance in our Round, And see our Moone-light reuels, goe with vs; If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Giue me that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away: We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. *Exeunt*.

Ob. Wel, go thy way: thou shalt not from this groue, Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembrest Since once I sat vpon a promontory, And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe, Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath, That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song. And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares, To heare the Sea-maids musick.

Puc. I remember.

Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not) Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth, *Cupid* all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke At a faire Vestall, throned by the West, And loos'd his loue-shaft smartly from his bow, As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts, But I might see young *Cupid*'s fiery shaft

Quench't in the chaste beames of the warry Moone; And the imperiall Votresse passed on, In maiden meditation, fancy free. Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell. It fell vpon a little westerne flower; Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound, And maidens call it, Loue in idleness. Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew'd thee once, The iuyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid, Will make or man or woman madly dote Vpon the next liue creature that it sees. Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe, Ere the *Leuiathan* can swim a league.

Pucke. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.

Ober. Hasting once this iuyce, Ile watch *Tytania*, when she is asleepe, And drop the liquor of it in her eyes: The next thing when she waking lookes vpon, (Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull, On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape) Shee shall pursue it, with the soule of loue. And ere I take this charme off from her sight, (As I can take it with another hearbe) Ile make her render vp her Page to me. But who comes heere? I am inuisible, And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I loue thee not, therefore pursue me not, Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia*? The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me. Thou toldst me they were stolne into this wood; And heere am I, and wood within this wood, Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant, But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart Is true as Steele. Leauce you your power to draw, And I shall haue no power to follow you.

Deme. Do I entice you? do I speake you faire? Or rather doe I not in plainest truth, Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you?

Hel. And enen for that doe I loue thee the more; I am your spaniell, and *Demetrius*, The more you beat me, I will fawne on you. Vse me but as your spaniell; spurne me, strike me, Neglect me, lose me; onely giue me leauce (Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.

What worse place can I beg in your loue, (And yet a place of high respect with me) Then to be vs'd as you doe your dogge.

Deme. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit, For I am sicke when I do looke on thee.

Hel. And I am sicke when I looke not on you.

Deme. You doe impeach your modesty too much, To leauce the Citie, and commit your selfe Into the hands of one that loues you not, To trust the opportunity of night, And the ill counsell of a desert place, With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge: for that It is not night when I doe see your face. Therefore I thinke I am not in the night, Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,